

THE HISTORIE OF  
Henry the fourth.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of  
Westmerland, with others.*

*King.*  
O shaken as we are, to wan with care,  
Find we a time forfrighted peace to pant,  
And breath short winded accents of new broiles  
To be commende in stronds a far remote:  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soile  
Shal adwe her lips with her own childrens bloud,  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruiſe her ſlourrets with the armed hooves  
Of hostile paces: whose opposed eies,  
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,  
Al of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke  
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,  
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming rankes,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.  
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his maister: therefore friends,  
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,  
Whose soldiour now, vnder whose blessed crosse  
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we leauy,  
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,  
To chase these pagans in those holy fields,  
Ouer whose acres walkt those bleſſed feet,  
Which